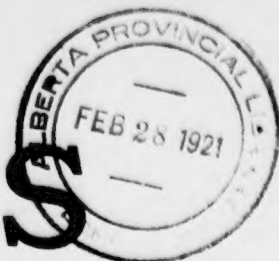


THE CARBON NEWS

Vol. I. No. 32

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, February 24th, 1921

FRANK PETERS, EDITOR



QUALITY

SERVICE

**A
Clean Sweep
BUY
A Good Broom
only 50c.**

**The
Coburn Store**

Limited
GENERAL MERCHANT CARBON, Alta.

After January 30th, all
WINTER HATS
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SPATS worth \$2.75 for \$2.50. SPATS worth \$2.50 for \$2.25.
Why send for goods when you can buy cheaper at

MILLINERY STORE
C. C. TURCOTTE, Proprietor

JUST ARRIVED
Car Load of Royal Household
FLOUR
Bran & Shorts

**Our Prices are Right on
Men's Shoes and
Gent's Furnishings**

WILSON BROS.
GROCERIES, BAKERY & CONFECTIONERY

Town Topics

Mr Bill Braden is in Carbon renewing old acquaintances. Hope he makes a killing while he is here.

Mr W. McPherson and wife were Calgary visitors last week. Bill reports that he took in all the sights including the Paliser Hotel, P. Burns' stores and the "Albertan Football Competition."

We would like to advise all the returned boys of this district that the Canadian Government intends to issue the Victory War medals very soon. Printed and addressed Post Cards can be obtained from our Post Master. These must be filled in correctly and returned to Ottawa.

Mr M. B. Mabey, of Baynon, was in Carbon this week. He can't resist seeing a good town.

We understand Mr Tom Laing, an old-timer of Carbon district, has purchased a fruit farm near Kelowna, B. C. Good luck, Tom!

Stan Carney cannot altogether resist the call of the plough and the pitchfork so he has rented Mr Laing's farm for this coming season.

More Signs of Spring.
Our Town Constable dons his J. B. Stetson. Fred Morrison is burning up the snow with his Chevrolet.
Doc. visits the railroad camps.

Mr W Lewis is a Calgary visitor this week. It is rumored that he intends to combine pleasure with business. Of course, he was accompanied. If we are not too premature, please accept our congratulations, Bill

The Public Works Department of the Prov. Government, have at last condescended to renovate the bridge south of Carbon.

"Oom. oom. oom. oom. oom. — Medicine Hat."

We wish to remind Lindsay Elliott that it is not necessary for him to place his arm in such close proximity to the ladies' neck. She could not possibly fall out of the sleigh, Lindsay!

Pete Turcotte has accepted a position with the Midland Elevator, Carbon.

W. G. Shell and Joe Seale were Calgary visitors last week end. Mystery surrounds the trip and it is not good policy to repeat rumors. We understand that they tried to float something.

There is a great possibility of us "floating" a railroad here in the Spring, when the "four mile coulee" gets busy.

We ran across Stanley Torrance the other day and Stanley was sporting a real smile. We forgot about the matter for the time being, but when we strolled in the Merchants Bank (Carbon Branch) later in the day, the mystery of the smile was solved. (Second and final episode next week.

It must be a dangerous proceeding when a fellow visits a School Teachers' Convention, because "Bill" Cardiff found it necessary to take out a \$1000 insurance policy a few days ago.

Mr Maurice Grenier visited Carbon this week. Maurice does not come very often, but when he does come, everybody knows he is here.

Mr Tom Johnson, who has been employed on Alec Reid's farm, has purchased a house and moved it out to his lot on Aberdeen Avenue.

Misses Renee and Jeanne Gatine entertained John McLean to late Supper on Saturday night.

Councilman Harry Thorburn paid a hurried visit to Calgary this week.

THE
FARMERS' EXCHANGE
EVERYBODY'S STORE

SPECIAL IN
**Rainbow
Knitting Yarn**
This Week

Watch for Our
GROCERY SPECIAL
on March 1st.
and Save Money

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE
GENERAL MERCHANTS
CARBON

CARBON MEAT MARKET
F. OWEN

All kind of Fresh and Cured Meats and Fresh Fish
Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.
Pork Sausage fresh daily.
Your Satisfaction means our Success

Lumber is almost on pre-war prices and you can now
Built that House or Barn which you have
Delayed.

No Order Too Large and None Too Small

**IMPERIAL LUMBER
YARDS LTD.**

R. S. SHIELDS, Local Manager

WE ARE AGENTS FOR
**HARRIS WONDER HEALTH
RESTORER**
For Rheumatism

Try a Bottle

Also Templetons Rheumatic Capsules

REXALL DRUG STORE
F. MORRISON, Phm.B., Dispensing Chemist



CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

My dear Boys and Girls:

The other morning as I was going down town it was so cold that my fingers almost froze even though I had warm fleece lined gloves on my hands. Indeed they were so stiff that it took me almost fifteen minutes to get them thawed out, and I wondered if any of you ever got your hands like that on your way to school. I hope not, but I suppose you skip along so quickly that you hardly give Jack Frost time to get at you at all. That is how it should be. This weather is really good for us, if we are warmly wrapped up and protected from the biting winds.

I must tell you that my little niece and nephew, in the city, one is three and the other four, are very much delighted with Santa Claus this year. My nephew has been wanting a wagon for such a long time and I think had almost given up hope of getting one, when lo and behold, he got it at Xmas time, and my little niece got a dolly in a cradle. Her mother made a mattress and a real little pillow with sheets and a blanket and quilt for the cradle so you can imagine that dolly is taken in and out of her bed most of the time.

I am looking for some more letters on "A Pet I Know," and hope you will write to me soon anyway, whether you want to enter the competition or not. I love all my nephews and nieces, and if you will write and tell me your birthdays, I should like to send you each a card so that you will know Aunt Betty thinks about you on that day. Now don't forget to write me and let me know the date of your birthday so that I can send you a birthday card and perhaps something else too. With much love,

Affectionately,

AUNT BETTY.

Address your letter, Aunt Betty, 903 McCallum-Hill Bldg., Regina, Sask.

RIP VAN WINKLE

It was with some difficulty that Rip Van Winkle found his way to his own house, which he approached with awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen, the windows shattered and the doors off the hinges. A half starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the dog snarled, showed his teeth and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," poor Rip sighed, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his fears; he called

loudly for his wife and children, but in vain, the chambers rang for a moment with his voice and then all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it was also gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel by Johnathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of old, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a peculiar array of stars and stripes.

All this was strange and incomprehensible. There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy bustling tone about it, instead of the usual drowsy tranquillity.

(To be continued)

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you.

They lived by farming the Treasure Valley and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs lest they should suck the crows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without wages, until they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally managed to keep their corn by them until it was very dear; and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny for charity; they were of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother Gluck, was completely opposed in both appearance and character to his seniors as could be imagined or desired. He was not more than twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to honorable office of turnspit if there was anything to roast, which was not often; at other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them by way of encouragement and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

(To be continued)

THE NAUGHTY CHILD

If no one loved me,
I'd not care;
I'd rush about,
My clothes I'd tear.

I'd never wash
To wash my hands;
I'd live outdoors,
On the sea sands.

I'd never touch
That beastly rice,
I'd live on cakes
And strawberry ice.

I'd build a hut,
And only Mum,
Of all grown-ups,
Inside might come.

Oh, this is what
I'd love to do;
But it's too good
To come quite true.

Letter to Aunt Betty

Eaton, Sask., Jan. 2, 1921.
Box 75.

Dear Aunt Betty:

I just got through reading your nice letter in the Eaton enterprise and thought it would be nice to write and join your club. I have been reading the other girls letters and enjoyed them very much. I am a girl of twelve years and will be promoted in grade seven in a short time. I have one sister and a brother. I am the oldest in the family. I have a little pet dog its name is Brownie. Santa was certainly good to us this year. I received a bank book with five dollars in it a bracelet, and a nice brooch. I also got a lot of other things from my friends. I guess that we all enjoyed our Christmas this year. I guess I'll have to bring this letter too a end as it is getting pretty long. You see news is very scarce some times. I hope that I will have more next time.

Yours sincerely,

DORIS HANSEN.
Box 75, Eaton, Sask.

P.S.—I hope that I will see my letter in print.

A GAME TO KEEP YOU WARM

All the players sit cross legged on the ground in a ring and hold hands. One begins the game by running round the circle, outside it, and touching one of the players on the shoulder. This one has to jump up and race the toucher to his place, only he must run in the opposite direction, and both have to jump over the joined hands of the sitting players. Players must hold their hands nice and low, or maybe an accident will happen when the two players jump over them.

BUTTER SCOTCH

One cup sugar, one tablespoon vinegar, one-quarter cup molasses, two tablespoons boiling water, one-half cup butter. Boil the ingredients together until, when tried in cold water, the mixture will become brittle. Turn into a well-buttered pan. When slightly cooled mark with a sharp pointed knife in squares. This is greatly improved by cooking a small piece of vanilla bean with the other ingredients.

A CHEAP BOOT TREE

To preserve the shape of your boots without the use of expensive trees, fill an old stocking with sand and push into boots. To get it thoroughly into position, tap toe of foot sharply on the ground two or three times. Boots so filled keep a good shape and are not damaged if anything presses against them.

Sir William Peterson Dead

Sir William Peterson, former principal of McGill University, Montreal, died recently in London, England. It is almost two years since Sir William was stricken with paralysis at a meeting at Emmanuel church, where Sir Harry Luader was to speak on January 12, 1919. This put an end to Sir William's public career. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1856.

A Public Speech

Bill—"Have you ever done any public speaking?"
Joe—"I once proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town."

Trouble Ahead

Giving the Hague teeth may do the trick, but there is usually an uproar during the teething period.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED INDOORS

Hold Fast! Let Go!

You must listen to what is said in this game and be careful to do exactly the opposite. Four players stand up and each takes hold of one corner of a square sheet of paper or a handkerchief. A fifth player calls out "Hold fast!" and anyone who does not let go will be out; while if the order is "Let go!" those who fail to hold fast will be out. The orders must be given rapidly, one after the other and someone is sure to make a mistake, but the last to do so is, of course, the winner.

Puss in the Corner

In this game all the children pretend to be nice, except one who is the puss. "Puss" stands in the middle of the room. Each mouse stands in a corner. While there Puss cannot touch them, but when they run across the room to change corners with one another she may capture any she can. No mouse should venture from a corner until she has made signs to another mouse with whom she would like to exchange houses, or she may find herself half way across the room with no corner to run to. The mouse that is caught must take the place of Puss.

Hunt the Ring

This game is played by all the boys and girls standing up in a circle with the seeker inside. The ring is slipped on a long piece of thin cord or twine, the ends of which are then tied together. Each one in the circle holds this cord with one hand and passes the ring along it with the other. The game is to pass the ring along while the seeker is looking another way. The ring may be hidden by holding the hand over it till there is a chance to pass it on. The ring must not stay in one place and when it has been found the one who held it must take the place of the seeker.

The Game of What Is It?

Here is a game which may be played around the fire. Below are two descriptions of famous scenes in history with their solutions. Next week I will give you two more.

An Angry Scene in a Tent

We are in a tent in a meadow by the bank of a river. In the tent are gathered a number of men armed after the fashion of the Middle Ages, and through the

WANTED

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request. HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. PATENT ATTORNEYS 30 SHIPMAN CHAMBERS - OTTAWA, CANADA

INVENTIONS

opening of the tent we see troops standing. The men in the tent look angry and determined and bend threatening looks on one who is the centre of attention and wears a crown. The foremost man of the group is urging him to put his sign to a document spread out on the table before him. At last he consents, sets his seal on a lump of wax and throws himself on the ground in a rage. Who is he, and what is the deed that he has been forced to do by others and now so very much regrets.

Solution—King John signing Magna Charta.

The Landing of a Brave Band

We are on the coast of a wild, uncultivated country. Behind the bare rock on which we stand, forest stretches away inland. Off the shore is a small bark at anchor, and from it we watch men, women and children landing. They are dressed in plain garments and seem to belong to the artisan class. They are evidently weary, yet how brave they must be to cross that wild sea in their small boat of 180 tons and land with their little children on an unknown shore. Who are they and why have they come here, where there is neither shelter nor food ready for them?

Solution—Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers with their wives and children from the Mayflower.

THINGS YOU CAN COOK

Cocoanut Candies for the Christmas Candy Box

Mix 2 cupsful of confectioner's sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter and enough cream (added very slowly) to make a smooth, firm paste.

Divide into three parts. Into the first part put 2 tablespoonful grated cocoanut and 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix carefully, and make out into small balls.

Place on paraffin paper for an hour; then pack in a tin box till needed.

To the second part add 2 drops almond flavoring, 2 tablespoonful almonds, ground fine.

Mix well, roll out in tiny balls. Roll these balls into grated cocoanut till they have taken up all the loose cocoanut they will hold.

Put on the paraffin paper as above.

Into the third part put 2 tablespoonful chopped nuts, 2 tablespoonful grated cocoanut, 1/4 teaspoonful lemon flavoring and enough beet juice (or other harmless coloring) to make a nice red color.

Form into small balls, roll in granulated sugar and put on paraffin paper as above.

This recipe is very easy and makes a nice variety of candy. After trying out each kind once, increase the recipe to make as much candy as you need.

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

COCOANUT CREAM CANDY

One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup milk, two teaspoons butter, one-third cup shredded cocoanut, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Put butter into granite saucepan; when melted add the sugar and milk and stir until sugar is dissolved. Heat to the boiling point and boil twelve minutes. Remove from the fire, add cocoanut and vanilla and beat until creamy and mixture begins to sugar slightly around the edge of the saucepan. Pour at once into a buttered pan, cool slightly, and mark in squares. One-half cup nut meat, broken in pieces, may be used in place of cocoanut.

Then the Fun Began



EARN MONEY AT HOME

We will pay \$15 to \$35 weekly for your spare time writing show cards; no canvassing; we instruct you and keep you supplied with steady work. Write or call BRENNAN SHOW CARD SYST. DEPT. A, CURRIE BLDG., 228 College St., Toronto.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

For the past fifty-five years this bank has given particular attention to the business of Farmers. We have helped many over the rough places, and have aided many more to the highest plane of success.

We are prepared to extend you every legitimate aid in your farming operations.

Come in at any time and talk over your affairs with us. You are always welcome.

J. O. A. LETOURNEAU
LOCAL MANAGER

For Satisfaction in Quality and
Prices you cannot do better
than consult

CROWN LUMBER CO.

We carry a Full Line in
Building Material
Plans and Estimates Free

C. THOMPSON, Manager

We noticed Stewart Mortimer at the Show on Saturday night. Stewart does not generally "take in" the show, but there's a reason for this visit.

We often wonder why Jack Gallagher finds it necessary to come to Carbon at 7 p.m. (exact) on certain nights.

The price of coal is coming down, the price of groceries is going up and the price of wheat is coming down. Always the eternal triangle.

The Carbon Opera Co. is rehearsing very strenuously lately, for the presentation of a "playlet" at Easter time in aid of the English Church Building Fund.

Mrs. S. Francis is a visitor to Carbon.

Mr. Jim Marshall, of Vulcan, is visiting F. Wilson in Carbon.

Mr. C. H. Nash is back from a visit to Calgary.

The Dodge succeeded in making his way to Grainger yesterday.

GOOD HEALTH

IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT GOOD EYESIGHT

Eye strains are the cause of nervous disorders, headaches & insomnia.

Most people are unaware of their eye troubles.

Scientists estimate that seven out of ten people really need glasses. Are you sure you're not one of the seven?

Let me prove to your satisfaction that you either need glasses or don't.

Don't be afraid of your appearance, think of your eyes. I can improve your appearance with glasses.

At Acme, March 11th.

Carbon, March 12th.

Swallow, March 14th.

Three Hills, March 15th.

M. MAX. MECKLENBURG

FOR SALE. Kitchener Wheat, cleaned, ready for seed. Second growing from Guide Seed. Per bus. \$3.50.
D. HALSTEAD.

CARBON HOTEL

Thirty Rooms
Electrically Lighted throughout

J. W. BAIRD, Proprietor

DRAYING AND TEAM WORK

done by

TRUMBLAY & GRAY

Reasonable Prices and no waiting

Anybody having SICK ANIMALS or being in danger will do well to let us know, as we never lose a chance to cure or heal them

ARTHUR FLETCHER

FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

FRANCELLA BILLINGTON

THE DAY SHE PAID

MISS RUTH ELLIOTT A.R.L.I.

Private Maternity Home
ROCKYFORD

Write for Particulars

JOHN KANERVA AUTO PAINTING

is our specialty. We paint your Car from \$15.00 up.

THREE HILLS PAINT SHOP

CARBON BILLIARD HALL

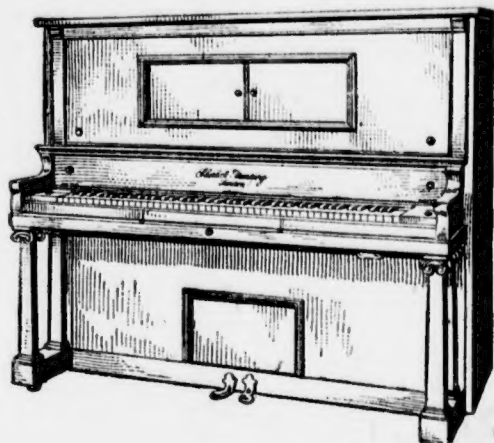
H. M. THORBURN, Prop.

has opened his new quarters next to Post Office

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO,
AND PIPES

always on hand

CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS



SOLD FOR CASH OR CREDIT

A Few Dining Room Chairs

in Sets of 1 Arm-Chair and 5 Chairs

FUMED OAK

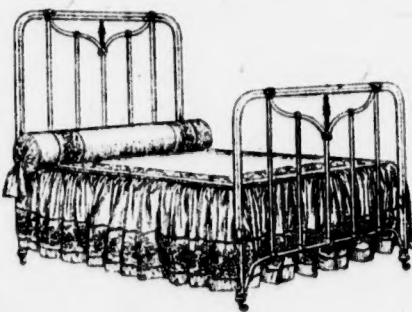
To Be Sold at Cost Price

Mattresses

worth \$13.50

to be sold until January 30th at

\$10.00



NEWS FROM THE SOUTH

Did you hear about the fellow that fell off the straw-stack and broke his arm? No names mentioned, but he must have fallen on some hard straw.

We wonder why G. Esslinger visits so often at Mr. Gott. Schells! We know the reason but we dare not tell everybody.

We are glad that Mr. G. Metzgar, Sen., (who has been very sick) is progressing favorably.

Some of you young fellows are pretty slow when you let the young "sport" come down from Trochu to beat you out of your girl. What is the matter with you all, anyhow?

Fred Zeigler, Jr., paid a short visit to Trochu last week.

A hard-time Dance will be given by the U.F.A. in the Farmers Exchange Hall on Thursday, March 10th.

Owing to a typographical error, we must correct item 8 on front page. W. Lewis should read W. Levins.

Carbon Furniture Store

The Food Likes and Dislikes of Children

Do children know what is good for them in the way of food, or do we know better because we are bigger? Fifty years ago there was little hesitation. Of course, everyone knew what was best for children, porridge or mush and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and gravy, vegetable soups and stews, rice pudding, currant bread. Very little meat or eggs or cream or cake or preserves, these were supposed to be bad for children—and besides expensive—and were reserved for their elders.

But when we began to turn the search light of science upon our menus and found what scores of absurd mistakes we had been making about our own food, we began to have wholesome doubts about the heaven-born rightness of our views upon children's diet. Were we justified in so loftily ignoring their own preferences and restricting them to such plain, uninteresting and inexpensive provender?

When we were willing to listen to the greatest teachers of all ages, our own children, we began to learn something, and our teachers to thrive and flourish in the most gratifying manner. Our first enlightenment came through yielding to their strong affection for butter and cream and corresponding antipathy to fat, particularly fat meat. Thirty years ago we found that when children were given plenty of cream on their mush and puddings and fruit and butter on their bread, they never needed cod liver oil and very seldom castor.

We didn't know why, nor did the children, until less than a decade ago, when Osborne and Mendel discovered that the "fat vitamin A," so vitally important for growth and life, was present in abundance in butter and cream, but almost absent from lard, fat meat and oils.

Then came the clash on sugar. Because it was new, nice and tempted to excess we frowned on it sternly for our young hopefuls. But it was such a valuable, quick-burning fuel for our little perpetual motors, of short cruising radius, but incessant activity, that it won its way in spite of us. And when children were once given reasonable amounts of the forbidden sweet on their cereal, their puddings and their fruit, plenty of sweet ripe fruits, either fresh or cooked, plain cakes and a reasonable modicum of pure candy, they pretty much stopped gouging themselves on sugar and jam whenever the pantry door was left unlocked, and began to reach heights and weights for their age that had never been equalled before.

So far as children's likes are concerned we have come to entertain on the whole a profound respect for them, guarding them within reasonable limits, of course. But when it comes to their dislikes and antipathies we are facing a more difficult problem. What are we going to do when a child expresses a strong repugnance or even flatly refuses to eat, save under compulsion, some food which we like and know to be wholesome?

In many cases the best cure is that most potent of remedies, time. Children are inclined to be much more simple and limited in their choice of foods than grown ups. If they make, as they should, milk an important staple in their diet they get nearly all the proteins, all the mineral salts and both the vitamins that they need. What they require in addition is chiefly starches, such as bread, corn meal or potatoes, to be turned into sugar for motor purposes, fruit sugars and fruit acids and a little animal protein in the form of meat, fish or eggs. So that it is by no means necessary that they should eat all of the four main kinds of meat, for instance, of the ten or twelve kinds of fish and of the twenty or thirty different kinds of vegetables that come upon the average adult table.

Even if they don't like mutton, and you are so fond of chops, or show no enthusiasm for pork, or don't relish pea soup, and turn up

their little noses at cabbage or turnips, or carrots or some other wholesome vegetable, there is no need to fear that they are going to suffer from a shortage of some important element in their diet, or that when the time comes for to go out into the world they will not be able to "make out a decent meal" at the average school or boarding house table.

Your little milk-starch-fruit-egg and one meat-eater will gradually develop a liking for the stronger flavored meats, such as mutton and salt beef, and the coarser, bulkier vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, beans, etc., as he grows older and his swelling muscles are no longer contented with so large a proportion of his food in the bulky liquid form of milk. Children should take about a quart of milk a day from two years up to six or seven years of age, which will make about two-thirds of their required calories up to three years, and about half beyond that. If they do this they will get more than twice as much lime as they need for their bones and teeth, and in spite of its pale color, two-thirds of the iron required, which is more than doubled by their egg and bread.

Hence the need of eating green vegetables in childhood for the sake of their iron, is largely imaginary. Indeed, in the amounts in which they could possibly be eaten by a child they do not contain as much as milk, and we have been unduly impressed by their vivid green color, which we were told was due chiefly to iron. A like darling delusion of adults has recently been exploded in the supposed abundance of valuable iron in the red wines, like burgundy, claret and port.

Most of a child's food antipathies may be humored pretty liberally so long as he drinks milk, although of course, urging him to taste the objectionable dish from time to time and telling him that it is a sign that he is growing up when he begins to be able to tolerate it. But supposing he doesn't like milk? Well, then we are, in the language of the day, "up against it." Nor is this calamitous and apparently unnatural antipathy an extreme rarity. There are dozens and hundreds of children who cannot bear the taste or smell of cow's milk or who, though they may gulp it down without any very strong repugnance, are upset by it in a dozen different ways, from headache, biliousness, and belching of gas to "stuffy" colds in the head, which are really mild "hay fevers," or in imposing technical terms, "vaso-motor rhinitis," and itching eruptions of the skin.

A much larger number after the age of three or four decline to drink milk because they would rather take bread and syrup, or cakes and syrup, or cookies and doughnuts, which do not mix well with milk, but are easily washed down with water or weak tea or weak coffee. Two-thirds of the under nourished children who come under observation at the school lunches and school nutrition clinics have this acquired distaste for milk.

They have to be trained to drink it, either alone at special mid-morning or mid-afternoon lunches, or with bread, toast, cereals, oatmeal, eggs, sweet fruits and green vegetables at their regular meals. When they have once fairly got the milk habit they gain ten, fifteen and even twenty pounds in weight, and begin to catch up with their grades and their games in the most surprising fashion.

Curiously enough this acquired distaste for milk is not infrequently found in children of well-to-do families also, and this for the unexpected and apparently contradictory reason that they don't get enough water to drink. They have been very properly warned against drinking indiscriminately from pumps or hydrants or public drinking fountains, and when they come running into the house for a drink they are frequently offered a glass of nice cool milk by their thoughtful

mother or nurse, so as to smuggle nourishment into their little systems at the same time that they are relieved of thirst.

This is a serious mistake, because a child cannot drink to advantage more than a quart of milk a day, and he needs double that amount of liquid. He will gulp down the milk which he does not want in order to get the water, which he does, and sooner or later it will sour his stomach, for which he will blame the milk, and the net result of his asking for bread and being given a stone, in the language of Scripture, will be a distaste for milk and a clamoring for water or tea or coffee at his meals.

In babies and younger children this is sometimes a very serious matter. We are all, even in our old and driest ages, walking aquariums and do nine-tenths of our actual living under water. We swim in sea water, of which we carry about with us—and are—a tank. But children's soft and delicate little tissues are as full of water as blades of grass or asparagus tips, and when once they are cut short of their supply by well-meant and judicious attempts, on the part of their mothers or nurses to give them nourishment in the form of milk, broths or gruels every time they cry for a drink of water, they literally shrivel and burn up and wilt. They may even develop what is known as "dissociation fever" or drying up fever and become seriously ill.

The only remedy required is to smuggle by every avenue possible and every resource of ingenuity water into their little systems, by the mouth, by injection into the bowels, or even injection into the veins. And when they have absorbed between three and four quarts inside of forty-eight hours, their fever breaks, their discomforts subside and they again have an appetite for their natural and necessary milk.

But there are fickle little ones whose dislike for milk is a real antipathy, based upon the solid and tragic fact that it is actually a poison to them. The reaction is more commonly against cow's milk, but may also occur against mother's milk itself.

If it is against cow's milk it has fortunately been found that the chief substance which causes the trouble is the albumen of the milk, which forms the familiar scum over the surface when milk is boiled or scalded. If this scum be carefully skimmed off not a few milk poisoned children can drink this new type of "skimmed milk" without further trouble.

This explains the long standing puzzle why not a few children who were absolutely unable to digest or even to retain the purest and freshest of milk, would thrive on condensed milk, properly diluted, of course, with water. In the process of condensing the milk is thoroughly boiled and kept at a high temperature for considerable periods, and frequently skimmed, thus removing almost completely the albumen which causes the poisoning.

But in some cases the injurious reaction is against other elements in cow's milk, so that condensed milk is hopeless, and even the natural supply cannot be digested. But what can be done for these? Following the lines of protective injections, or immunization, which have been so successful in many cases of hay fever and asthma, it has been proposed to treat this difficulty by injecting under the skin two or three teaspoonsful of cow's milk or natural milk, as the case may be, diluted with boiled water.

The results of this "vaccination for appetite," so far have been most gratifying. Children who were wasting away or suffering all the tortures of chronic indigestion and bowel disturbance, after from one to three injections have been relieved of their pain, got rid of their fever, and been able to take milk freely and thrive on it. And this improvement has persisted already in a number of cases for as much as five or six months.

There are many other food antipathies of genuine anaphylactic character in children, but none of such fundamental importance as milk. In the case of only two of them—namely, eggs and wheat bread—would it be advisable to consider vaccination. In the case of eggs it is helpful to know that usually the trouble lies in the white, or albumen, as in milk, and

A Little Talk on Beauty

"Such women are like a row of Japanese lanterns—all blown out long ago and swinging about in the wind." Just so did H. G. Wells (we are quite sure it was he) describe a group of women sitting on a hotel piazza.

It was a long time ago that we read that, but we've never forgotten it. We think of women when we look at them as lighted or unlighted—some of them have had the flame blown out, some have burned out, and some have never been lighted at all.

But after all, no matter how hard and deep we try to look, all we can see is the seeming. We can not see the beauty that lies behind beautiful things. We glimpse it now and then with our souls, but we never can see it with our eyes. We see only results.

That invisible, baffling thing called "beauty" that flows into this one when he is born, and passes by that one; that pours itself all over a sunrise; that says, "I will enter the eyes and the soul of this person, but the rest of him I shall not touch"; that folds itself into a little word like "tomorrow," and never enters at all that long-winded promise we call "politics," that, we never see. We see only results.

Women are like lamps; their bodies the lamps, the flame inside their personality.

And what is it one requires, first of all, of a lamp? That it gives light. For no matter how beautiful it is, how graceful its lines, how gloriously lovely its shade, it's of no use, no good to anyone at all, unless it gives light. You may keep it around for a while because of its external beauty, but it becomes a tiresome thing even to look at after a time.

The point for us is to get it firmly placed in our heads, that while the most important thing is the flame, the flame will never get where it ought to, nor do what it ought to, unless it's surrounded by a good lamp!

Think of lamps as you've seen them; bulky, awful shapes and thick shades that let very little light through; ornate, all-dressed-up lamps, so ornate that it's hard to find the right kind of room to put them in, and you can't really think about "light" in connection

therefore, children with this fairly common antipathy can often take the yolk of an egg, with its valuable fat and fat vitamin, either alone or in puddings, custards, etc., without any trouble.

It is well in dealing with the food dislikes of children to bear vividly in mind the possibility that they may be based on a genuine antipathy or poisoning before trying to discipline or educate them out of foolish fancies. The best way to decide the question is either by means of the skin test, scratching a little of the suspected food into the surface of the skin and watching if a weal or blister follows. But this can only be done by a skilled expert, and in the milder cases a fairly satisfactory decision can be reached by persuading the little one to take small quantities of the objectionable food and then watching to see whether any form of itching skin eruption, such as eczema or hives, or headache, or stuffy colds in the head, or digestive disturbance of any sort, or even aching joints, or "growing pains" in the limbs, follow the test. It should give us pause in loftily disregarding children's "whims" that just recently several large groups of cases of eczema and urticaria and other itching eruptions of the skin have been given scratch tests on the skin of the forearm with a variety of foods and from sixty to eighty per cent. of the children promptly developed weals or blisters. Many of these were quickly relieved by cutting out the offending substances from their diet.

One consoling fact about these food distastes in children is that they tend to be outgrown as the years go by. So that in a majority of cases we may safely trust to the great healer, time, and if he fails us there is always the appetite vaccination in reserve.

with them at all; all you can think of is, "Dear me, what a dressy lamp!"

And then there are lamps that are just right, lovely, flowing lines or strong, free bodies that make you think of the "Winged Victory," and soft colors and simplicity in the shades. They aren't lamps to you really; they are atmosphere; you think of soft light, and beauty, and romance; beauty of living, depth of feeling. That's what lamps are for, to make you feel all that. You see how much they're like women?

If you see those lovely lamps in the daytime, they touch your imagination even then, all unlighted. You say to yourself: "That lamp must be enchanting when it's lighted!" Again like a woman. She gives pleasure by her external loveliness, she touches the imagination. "So beautiful a temple must house a rare soul," says the passerby, or, "Gee, I'll bet she's a peach!"—depending of course, on the type passing by.

The first thing about the lamp itself, leaving out the flame, is that it must be clean.

Oh, women, that bath-a-day look! You can't get it any other way than by taking the bath! A sponge, or a lukewarm plunge, or a cold one, and two or three hot ones a week.

Nostrils cleansed with a spray every night and morning, eyes bathed every night with an eye-cup of boric acid water or mild salt water. Just think of the dust that gets into them, in these days of you-can't-see-me-for-dust action! Ten minutes a day for the nails. Fifteen minutes a day to keep your skin in condition. There shouldn't be such a thing as a blackhead in your whole expression. Blackheads are dirt! And at least three times a day the tooth brush!

Then suppose you are the bulky kind of lamp. Well, you don't need to be. There are exercises; there is diet; there is scientific medical treatment that does reduce; there is electricity. Women do reduce; we see them doing it all around us. But there are dangerous ways of reducing. If you are going to do something radical, it is better to do it under a doctor's guidance.

If you're the kind of nice person who simply can't take exercises faithfully day after day—it's such a dull way to live—dance! Keep the player going wildly and dance mad orgies of arms and legs and swaying waist.

Good lines are possible to everybody. If you are too indifferent to make them really yours, then let your corsetiere do it.

Now for the shade. The shade is your face in lamp language.

The shade must be right or the whole effect is spoiled!

So must your face. The smooth silken, fine texture of skin that belongs to a clean, healthy body with enough brain at the top of it to take care of that texture, to protect it against cold, wind, weariness, time; yess that are defended against a surrounding of wrinkles; hair that is encouraged by intelligent treatment; a mouth that is forbidden to droop or grow tight or too lax—that is the kind of shade that will let the light through, softly, radiantly, in an ever widening path.

Such a little intelligent care each day, and you'd have something worthy the light in you.

In peering into the beauty shops with their masters and mistresses just back from Paris I found everywhere a stronger tendency toward sane building-up methods, toward the kind of beauty aids that defy that look of artificiality.

We have turned square about with our backs forever to things and our faces toward the spirit that lives behind things, the beauty that is back of beautiful things, the truth that is back of the sciences, the light that is back of all material, physical light—the spirit of things.

Far From the End

"What's that grass widow's last name?"
"Nobody knows. She hasn't come to it yet."

Training of Our Children

Once the child goes to work he enters upon the era of independence. No matter how congenial a relationship continues between him and the rest of the family he grows more and more into the habit of deciding things for himself.

That is as it should be, and there are numberless facts he can only learn by experience, but health facts need not be among them.

By the time a boy or girl begins work he should have been so trained by his parents in bathing, brushing his teeth, eating wholesome food, and other daily habits necessary to health, that they have all come second nature.

The great majority of children entering industry leave school before senior fourth is reached; many of them can barely pass the literacy test in order to get their working papers, and others are wholly illiterate. With only a meagre education in many cases and without guidance these children are thrown upon their own resources to find a job in any way they can.

The school's obligation to these boys and girls suddenly comes to an end and they are left to use or waste the education it has given them. For the children who come from better homes the school provides education and supervision up to the age of 18, or through Collegiate Institute; but for the children whose school days end as soon as the law allows the school permits chance circumstances to make or mar their careers between the school leaving age and 18.

There are a few children who are assisted to suitable openings by their parents. The parents of these children have observed their children's tastes and talents, they have discussed them with the teachers, and they make it a point to know as much as they can about the opportunities in the occupations for which the children seem to be qualified. For these children the community should have little concern. A large number of parents would gladly do well by their children, but their knowledge of the opportunities open to boys and girls is meagre. They do not know how to find work for a child. They do not know what would be best for the child to do. Still other parents are concerned only for the immediate financial return for their child's labor. They are in very real need of what the child can earn, or they do not see the advantage of sacrificing present comfort to the child's future.

Where care and foresight and knowledge of industries are lacking on the part of the parents, the children are left to their own resources and inclinations. They leave school, many of them on the very day they reach 14, and

start on their aimless search for a job, making the rounds of the factories and office buildings in their neighborhoods and answering the advertisements in the newspapers.

Notwithstanding the hit-or-miss method used in finding work, and the accompanying dangers, there are some boys and girls who turn out quite satisfactory. Large numbers of these children, however, get into "blind alley" jobs that demand no skill and offer little opportunity for advancement. The work they do is not educative; they are not learning anything that will be of use to them in later life. When they are too old for a child's task and a child's wage their places are filled by younger boys and girls while they, having neither skill nor ambition, drift among the casual workers or the unemployed.

Many other children find work which they do not like or for which they have no ability or aptitude. They tire of the monotony of the mechanical processes which children do, they grow restless, and so they leave. They go from job to job, hoping that somewhere they may find work a little more congenial and more interesting. As a result they acquire neither progressive skill nor the capacity for steady employment. Other children drift into occupations for which they are physically unfitted. Their health suffers temporarily or permanently, and the injury that results has far-reaching social consequences.

Others again are without employment for some time after they leave school. These children, free to roam on the streets, tend to become undisciplined and often fall into bad habits.

These conditions which confront the working child in times of peace were accentuated in war time. Now that the war has ceased there is a shifting in industry. Many children who were accustomed to high wages do not readily accept the lower wages which follow the end of the war. There will be others who will take the first job that offers in order to start earning as soon as possible. Many employers will prefer the children just leaving school to those who have already worked, and the child who has worked for some time will not want to return to school. Many children will be idle for long periods before finding work; they will require advice and assistance in regard to employment. If the children thrown out of positions cannot be returned to the school which they left, special classes should be provided for them, and special training should be given them until employment is found.

Every effort should be made to whom in school those children whom the law permits to go to work.

get depressed causes more sickness in the world than all the draughts and germs that ever happened. Germs simply hate cheerfulness. So smile.

When things are going smoothly for you—smile. (It's easy!)

When things are going badly awry—when you've lost your job and got a cold in your head and the rain has ruined your best hat—grin broadly. (It's difficult, but there's always joy in a difficult thing accomplished.)

You'll get another job, and a cold can't last forever, and life can hold even greater tragedies than a spoiled best hat.

And remember, in the words of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who really lived up to every line she wrote:

"It's all very well to be merry
When life flows on like a song,
But the man worth while is the
one who will smile

When everything goes dead
wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the
years.

And the smile that is worth the
praises of earth
Is the one that shines through
tears."

IT IS SAID—

That in some of the apartment houses of New York tenants complain bitterly of the stringency of the regulations, though it is admitted that some of them are for the advantage of everybody. These are a few of the things prohibited: No children, no dogs, no cats, no birds. No visitors to remain after 10 p.m. No music or noise of any kind after 10 p.m. Only two visitors to any one flat at the same time. No Sunday papers to be read on the verandah or porch. No friends or relatives allowed to remain on a longer visit than two weeks in the year. The tenants accepted all these restrictions, and are only complaining in the newspapers because they have just had notice that the rents are going up forty per cent.

That Dr. John Clifford thinks the upheavals through which we are passing are "preparatory to greater advances than we have ever seen," and that by six or seven years from now "we shall be making forward strides towards a better and happier future."

ANDANTE—WINTER

By Walter Prichard Eaton

The old moon lies in the new moon's arms.
The ghost of a bubble in a saucer of gold;
The white slopes shimmer in the pallid glow;
The shadowed mountain
Shoulders its forests up to meet the evening star:
Low in the east
Orion steps with lifted foot
Into the game fields of the sky.
No wind is stirring on the frosted earth,
No sound snaps the chill crystal of the air,
Except, far off, a dull boom from the ice-bound pond.
And, up the mountain, bodiless and sad,
The owl's eternal question.
Breaking my reverie, I push my skis
Across drift-rippled snow that faintly squeaks,
And move, reluctant,
Rapt in frozen dream,
Toward a red window square.
Which shines across the fields.

TEACHING POLLY PARROT

Cover up her cage and repeat slowly what you want her to say. Do this very patiently, and in a quiet room, every day, and a dozen times each lesson. Very soon Polly will repeat what you wish.

You can teach her to whistle this way. Always give her a reward after the lesson.

The great thing is to have a quiet spot and to be very patient. Some birds take longer than others to teach.

A NOVEL DUSTER

Soak a piece of cloth the usual size of a duster in paraffin, wring it out and dry in the air. It will gather up dust easily and polish the furniture at the same time.

Question of Who's Who

That lobby of the Hotel Rexwell is a most inconvenient place for one's bride of an hour to dissolve into tears. At least, so thought Ned Burton. They had so far succeeded in appearing nonchalant, and many years married, but Esther had been seized with stage fright as the awful person of the hotel clerk met her shrinking gaze.

"O Ned!" she gasped. "Just a minute! Just a minute! They're all looking at us! Oh, I wish we hadn't—no, I don't. Oh dear, what will happen if your father disowns you?"

"Oh, I say, Esther—there's a good girl! Don't cry—not here, anyway. Father's a good old scout. He'll take me back into the office all right. And if he doesn't, there are plenty of jobs just crying for a college man," and Ned's chest swelled perceptibly. "This is a cheery sort of a place to starve in, if the worst comes to the worst," he added encouragingly.

Their lingering footsteps had at last brought them before the desk, and now the polite clerk was observing them with a sort of detached inquiry. Esther tremblingly nudged her husband.

"Oh—ah—oh, yes, the register," exclaimed Ned. "Now, great Scott! the pen fell from his nerveless fingers—my father!"

"Where?" quavered Esther, looking nervously over her shoulder.

"Here, on the register. His name, I mean. Look here, Esther, it's a great chance for us. If he ever sees you, well, it'll be all over but the cheering."

Esther shook her head doubtfully. "I don't know, Ned. He might think I—er—brought undue influence to bear, or something like that."

Her six-foot husband laughed admiringly. "Oh, yes, little girl; folks will just know that I was kidnapped," and, looking down on the feather which just brushed his ear, he laughed again.

"Does he look like you?"
"Not a bit. He's much shorter, a little bald, inclined to be a bit fidgety. But come with me, ladybird, and you'll soon see for yourself. I'm going to hunt him up and have a talk."

As the door of the elevator closed upon the eloping couple, an elderly gentleman strolled up to the desk. "Have you by any chance—" then his eyes fell upon the open register. "By George, they're here!" His eyes twinkled. "Didn't know the young cub had so much grit. I ran away with the girl I loved. He's pretty much like the old man after all. Oh, by the way," to the clerk, "did you happen to notice Mrs. Burton?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the obliging clerk hastened to explain. "Not very tall, sir; brown eyes; had a white feather in her hat, and—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Burton. "Much obliged." Smiling to himself, he turned from the desk, then stopped abruptly. What luck! There she was, right before him! Brown hair; white feather in her hat—he peered closely at her—yes, and brown eyes, too. She certainly was charming. "My daughter," he murmured. "I always wanted one, too. I guess I won't wait for Ned. I'll just speak to her now."

With a smile and a bow he approached the girl, who stood watching the elevator door with anxious eyes. "I recognized you instantly, my dear, and I—"

"My dear, indeed!" interrupted the very indignant young lady. "Why you old flirt, if you don't—"

"But my dear young lady, I am your new father," said the embarrassed Mr. Burton. "I was looking for—"

"Well, you may find someone who is willing to be your daughter but I should advise you not to insult ladies in a respectable hotel," and the outraged girl swept past him into the elevator, leaving the innocent man speechless with indignation and rage.

"Well, if that is Ned's wife, I wish him joy, but they needn't come near me!" Still quivering with wrath, he stalked down the corridor and disappeared into the smoking room.

Meanwhile Esther, who had

been left in the writing room, had become tired of waiting for Ned to return with his father and a parental blessing. "I'll just stroll through the lobby," she thought. "It may give me something besides myself to think about. Oh, dear, if I could only see Ned's father and talk to him. I am sure he would forgive us. Good gracious, there he is now!"

Sure enough, there by the door sat a little bald headed old man, reading a newspaper with his occasional gleam of disapproval of opinion expressed therein.

"Bald headed, fidgety," whispered Esther. "I know that's Ned's father. I am going to speak to Yes, I am," defiantly, although no one seemed inclined to oppose her. "I beg your pardon," she began tremulously, "but is this Mr. Burton?"

"Yes, madam, my name is Merton," replied the old gentleman testily, peering at her over the top of his gold rimmed spectacles.

"Oh, sir, please forgive us. Truly it was more my fault than Ned's."

"What—what—" blustered Mr. Merton.

"Oh, I am your daughter, you know. That is, your son—" Esther stopped, for the gentleman was looking at her askance. "Pretty good for a bachelor," he muttered to himself. "She must be crazy. I'd better not excite her." Slapping his knee jovially, he exclaimed, "why, of course! How stupid of me! My daughter, yes, yes!"

"Yes, yes," echoed Esther eagerly. "We are on our honeymoon and we want you to take us back—"

"Oh, yes, I see, I see. You know," he lowered his voice mysteriously, "it is a long trip to the moon, but if you want me to take you back, I'll try to do it." Furtively he watched for the girl's keeper to appear.

"Oh, good! Now let me find Ned. There he is now!"

In alarm Mr. Merton caught her arm. He must speak soothingly to her. "There, there. You just wait until he gets here," he wheedled.

"But he is here. Don't you see? Oh, Ned, Ned!" Esther was still trying to pull away, when Ned, talking angrily to Mr. Burton, drew near.

"I tell you, father, she is not a tyrant. What on earth are you talking about? She is as timid as a mouse." He was interrupted by Esther's cry. "There she is now. Good heavens, what is that fellow doing to her? Here, you ruffian—"

"But, Ned," exclaimed the bewildered Esther, "don't you see?"

"Lucky you came along as you did. Keep a sharp eye on her," advised Mr. Merton confidentially. "She's too pretty a little lunatic to—"

"Lunatic!" cried Ned and Esther in unison.

"I guess you'll have to excuse me," stammering Mr. Merton, backing ponderously into a passerby and finally making a blind rush for the elevator. Peeping through the gratings of the slowly rising car, he saw the young man kiss the fair lunatic, saw the old man kiss them both, and then: "Confound these elevators for going so fast," he muttered, as he vigorously blew his nose.

GOLD DUST

Sunday. Of little threads our life is spun, And he spins ill who misses one.

Monday. If no saint is entirely white, so no rogue is entirely black.

Tuesday. He who feeds men serves a few; He serves all who dares be true.

Wednesday. Joys are our wings and sorrows are our spurs.

Thursday. The highest branch is not the safest roost.

Friday. How oftentimes is silence The wisest of replies!

Saturday. Great numbers of moderately good people seem to talk scandal as if it proved how good they themselves were.

The Value of Cheerfulness

I believe if people could only be made to understand the real value of cheerfulness there would be far more happy people in the world today. For, whatever scoffers may say, one of the fundamental truths of life is that like attracts like.

Mental scientists and followers of the New Thought movement tell us that as we think we are—and if you look around and consider you will find they speak nothing but the truth.

There never was any good to be got out of misery—the more unhappy you make yourself the more unhappy you will be made.

Of course, there are times when great and devastating sorrows come into one's life, and it is impossible to put them aside and feel that they don't matter—but even then it is possible to turn a smiling face to the world; in fact, to "keep a stiff upper lip."

If you are by nature a "grouser" the habit of happiness will not come easily to you. You'll want a tremendous lot of strength of mind to compel you to look on the bright side of things.

Some people love misery—they like to wallow in it. I know

one woman of whom it was said she was never happier than when she was going to a funeral, and there are quite a lot like her, unfortunately for themselves and others.

We all suffer from the moods that prompt us to say we are "fed up" or feel "rotten" or to wait what a miserable world it is! If you insist that the world is miserable it naturally is—for you.

To the persons who make up their minds that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds the best things come.

Remember that success and happiness are yours by right, and it's your own fault if you don't get them. Keep plodding on towards whatever goal you have in mind with the reassuring thought that you will get there in time—and smile yourself over the difficulties. (Sounds hard, but practice makes perfect.)

Above all, never believe that you were born to woe "as the sparks fly upward." It is such beliefs as that which breed misery and disaster and disease.

And have you ever noticed how seldom really cheerful people get ill? Allowing oneself to

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**Women's
Corner**A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS
BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

A mother was recently reciting to her little son the old nursery rhyme:

"Here am I, little Jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me, I'm al-
ways alone."

"What does that mean?" asked
the child.

"Why, when nobody's with you
aren't you always alone?" ques-
tioned the mother.

"No," he replied, "because
God is always with me."

What significance there is in a
child's thus early realizing the
presence of the Heavenly Father
everywhere. With the knowledge
that God is present at all times, to
help children lose the sense of fear
—and there is no greater lesson
that we can impart to them.

* * *

In these days when so much is
done for the mental and physical
development of the child, both at
home and at school there is some-
times a tendency to forget that
children are more than merely
healthy little animals with a cer-
tain amount of superficial learn-
ing. Froebel, the great Swiss
teacher, in his "Mother Play,"
which is a series of songs and
games arranged by him as illus-
trative of how a mother should
play with her children, always
tries to make the mother look
from the things which are seen
and temporal, to the things which
are unseen and eternal; the par-
ents are to manifest so much pa-
tience and love towards the little
ones as to make the transition of
the idea from the earthly to the
Heavenly Father simple and nat-
ural. The child is to be trained
to look upon himself as a respon-
sible and necessary part of a great
whole, and to be taught that the
whole can only be as strong as
the weakest link. From his ear-
liest infancy the child is to be
taught to show gratitude to all
who aid in ministering to his
needs.

* * *

It is a momentous question and
one which we should ask our-
selves seriously and individually:
"Do we want our children to be
merely healthy little animals, or
do we wish to develop their
higher natures so that they may
be able to take their place in the
world, and through their vision
and spiritual insight into things
become powers for good in the
community?" Parents cannot turn
over their responsibilities in this
regard to anyone else. They can-
not expect teachers to lay the
foundations of their children's
characters. The home is the place
where this must be done and it is
for us to prove to our children
that it is only as we are good our-
selves that we are of help to those
around us.

* * *

A Christmas aftermath! Some
people with whom I am acquaint-
ed were looking forward happily
to a large family gathering which
was to take place at a relative's
on Christmas Day. They took
their little two year old daughter
to the Christmas party and al-
lowed her to eat all the rich
foodstuffs which had been pro-
vided in honor of the occasion.
The result was that on the even-
ing of Christmas Day the child
had to be hurried home she was

so sick. She grew worse and
next day they called the doctor
and for some hours she hovered
between life and death. The doc-
tor told the mother plainly it was
the food she had eaten, Christ-
mas pudding, Christmas mince
pie, etc., etc. With careful diet-
ing the child got gradually better
but she had a close shave and will
most likely have a weak stomach
for years to come as a result of
this indulgence. When will moth-
ers learn that it is far easier and
kinder to be firm with children in
the first place than to give in to
them in the matter of feeding en-
tailing, perhaps, illness and life-
long suffering. It is a great tem-
ptation at times to give them what
they ask just to keep them quiet,
but it is a dearly bought peace
that one gains in this way.

* * *

Have you ever heard a grown
up person exclaim with pride "My
parents allowed me to have all my
own way; they indulged me in
every whim?" No, but how often
do we hear people say with a
pleasant smile, "Believe me, there
was no answering back in our
house. My mother and father
knew how to make children be-
have; there is no discipline like
that in these days." So you see
even the children think more of
the parent who has rules and laws
and who expects them to be obeyed,
provided, of course, he inter-
mingles justice with mercy.

* * *

As the new year opens, let us
be thankful. It is not necessary
to wait for Thanksgiving Day to
have a thankful heart and most of
us have much for which to be
thankful if we only sit down and
consider. When we remember
the misery and suffering which
there is at the present time in some
parts of the world, and think of
the half starved and under-nour-
ished little ones who dazedly
wonder what is the reason of all
their pain and misery and why the
love and warmth and care which
is their heritage has been denied,
and look at our own happy,
bright little ones, is there not a
cause for gratitude that we are so
blessed, and the need for a prayer
that the hearts of those who could
relieve the suffering may be soft-
ened and their purse strings loos-
ed?

* * *

The household hints come in
slowly. I am describing in an-
other column, a very useful
clothes line for the house; it is on
a pulley system and would be in-
valuable where there were child-
ren. We are still open to receive
these hints and as promised, a
prize of one dollar will be given
for the best when we receive suf-
ficient to make an award.

* * *

This column is being run by
"Prairie Woman" for the benefit
of all the women on the prairie,
and I trust that you will all treat
it as your page and take an inter-
est in it. Prairie Woman is open
to advise on any matters of do-
mestic interest and is desirous of
being of assistance to each one in
the way of securing information.
Perhaps some of you have heavy
burdens on your hearts which it
would be a relief to share with
one who would help and who
would treat the matter in the
most sacred confidence. Two
heads are often better than one,
you know.

* * *

Address your letter "Prairie
Woman," 903 McCallum-Hill
Bldg., Regina, Sask.

It is always safe to send a Domi-
nion Express Money Order. Five
Dollars costs three cents.

A SCRAP BAG

My scrap bag used to be full
of stocking legs; but it isn't any
more, not since Aunt Becky learn-
ed that there are so many ways
to use them, especially if they're
silk.

In buying stockings, as in most
everything else, quality of texture
pays. It pays, too, to wash often
and carefully. Then if the qual-
ity is good to begin with, the
stockings wear like iron. Finally,
when the feet wear out, amputate;
the lustrous silk of the legs can
be made up in a score of ingeni-
ous ways. Sometimes there's a
"railroad" or "run" started, but
this can be mended, sewing in a
straight seam on the machine, or
by hand with the overcasting
stitch, on the wrong side.

First, Aunt Becky's bag yields
a large number of blacks. Some
are silk all the way through the
hems; others only two-thirds of
the way. Suppose she needs a
black petticoat, preferably the
kind with a jersey silk top. She
selects four pairs (or more if her
size requires) of black, all silk if
possible; but if not, she arranges
those with cotton garter tops
where they'll be least conspicu-
ous. The feet are cut off at the
narrowest part of the stocking,
the back seam opened, and the
hem let out, if necessary, to make
the required length. The curved
side is straightened by cutting the
material; then all of the eight or
more lengths are sewed together
with a tiny French seam, with
particular care not to stretch it.
The narrow ends of the pieces
are all at the top; the wider ends
give a flare to the bottom of the
skirt. The center back seam is
finished for a placket.

If the length permits, a half-
inch hem is taken in the top; if
not, the entire top is forced with
a narrow strip of the same mat-
erial. Leaving the front two gores
plain, elastic is inserted in the rest
of the top hem, finishing at the
placket with a good strong snap
or a large hook and eye. A pleat-
ed or gathered taffeta or messal-
ine ruffle, sixteen to eighteen
inches wide, sewed around the
bottom, finishes the skirt—all for
the price of the ruffle, the elastic
and the fastener.

And now to show you what
can be done with boot length silk
hose as hat trimmings. The back
seam need not be opened, but
should be concealed in draping;
the narrow ends are tacked in
place at the center front and
hidden by a buckle or large cov-
ered button. The silk material is
brought along each side of the
crown to the back, and the end
with the cotton garter top cut off,
finished with a bit of silk fringe
or pleated ribbon to match the
color of the stocking.

But there are other ways of
using old silk stockings besides as
petticoats and hat trimmings.
In fact, wherever soft silk is
usable, the stocking leg can be
worked in, so save your old ones
—long enough to make something
useful—and your scrap bag, like
Aunt Becky's, will be a source of
practical economy.

BOILED HER BABY

Set Bath on Stove

A young mother recently
brought her baby to the Northern
Central Hospital, London, and
the medical officer on examina-
tion found that the child was suf-
fering from convulsions. He pre-
scribed the necessary treatment,
and the mother inquired as to
what procedure she should adopt
in the event of the child suffering
from a similar attack. The doctor
advised her to put the baby into
a bath of warm water. A few
weeks later the mother again
brought her child to the hospital,
and the doctor, on a further ex-
amination, discovered signs of the
infant having been burned. He
inquired of the parent the cause
of the injury, when she stated
that upon the child receiving a
further attack, and she not having
any warm water available at the
moment, placed the baby in a
bath of cold water, which she
placed upon the fire in order to
bring the water to the necessary
temperature.

A noiseless typewriter has now
been put on the market. The
noiseless typist has yet to be
found.

PRESERVED FOODS

With meat especially should
one be most careful. Examine the
tin minutely to see if there is more
than one spot of solder, or if the
ends are blown, that is, if they
bulge.

If there is a bulge, the tin
should be rejected, no matter how
slight the bulge; there is gas in-
side, due to putrefaction of some
sort.

If there is more than one spot
of solder, reject also; the tin has
been punctured and then resold-
ered.

If there is a soapy taste, don't
use the contents; or if there is the
slightest odour; or if, opened in
the dark, a phosphorescent ap-
pearance.

Empty the contents of the tin
at once into a clean vessel, and
consume as soon as possible.

Food put up in glass looks
more tempting, but is not neces-
sarily safer than in tins; unscrup-
ulous dealers have been known to
transfer food from tins to glass
receivers in pre-war days; now,
glass is too dear for this practice
to be general. It should be illegal
anyhow.

HOW TO CLEAN

WHITE FURS

Hot bran is excellent for clean-
ing white furs. Leave the bran
in the fur for a time, then shake
in a clean cloth till the dirt is re-
moved. You may have to repeat
the process. Another way is to
use powdered magnesia. Be
gentle in your handling and very
patient. Some advise rubbing with
bran dampened with warm water;
the rubbing continues till the
fur is quite dry, and then is rub-
bed with dry bran. Magnesia can
be applied afterwards as a final
polish.

A SPRING CLEANING HINT

To clean morocco or American
cloth-covered furniture, dip a
soft cloth in turpentine and rub
well. Afterwards polish off with
another soft cloth. This both
preserves and cleans, making ma-
terial look quite new.

REFUSES OFFER

OF \$150,000 FOR
AN ARTICLE

For just one article a publish-
ing company has offered Presi-
dent Wilson \$150,000, it was
learned recently. And the presi-
dent declined the offer.

Scores of publishers have come
to the White House with offers
for the output of the president's
pen after he leaves the White
House next March 4.

While one man has intimated
that he had an agreement with
Wilson, it was said at the White
House that all offers have met a
refusal just as the \$150,000 one
did.

The president's reason for re-
fusing the offers was given as a
desire to market his literary out-
put for what it will bring rather
than accept a definite sum for
any article that, when completed,
might not measure to the stand-
ard the president has set for him-
self.

A PULLEY FOR

THE KITCHEN

Use for the stick to put the
clothes over a 2 x 2 pole dressed
off into octagon shape. A cotton
clothes line answers very well for
the rope. Get the smallest pul-
leys to be obtained in the hard-
ware store with hooks to screw
into the ceiling and walls. The
rope is left long enough to let the
clothes hanger down to about
three feet of the floor, with a
knot on the double rope to fasten
in hook on wall when the clothes
are drawn up to the ceiling.

The above hint is sent from
one of our readers at Oyen, Alta.

\$10 TO \$50 A WEEK AT
HOME IN YOUR SPARE
TIME

Increase your income at home in
your spare time. You can earn \$10
to \$50 each week writing show cards
at home or qualify for a position
paying a good salary each week. No
canvassing or soliciting. We teach
you how and supply you steady work.
Write today for full particulars.

NATIONAL SHOW CARD SCHOOL

Limited, Room 44,
44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada

**Mrs. A. Crawford
Tells How Cuticura
Healed Little Girl**

"My little girl's trouble started
with small pimples on the back of
her head and they spread
down her back. The pim-
ples were hard and red
and they itched and
burned terribly. She
scratched and irritated
them and they later de-
veloped into sore eru-
ptions. Her hair fell out and became
thin and dry, and scales fell off on
her clothing.

"I used a free sample of Cuticura
and the pimples commenced to dry
up. I bought more and when I had
used one cake of Cuticura Soap and
one box of Cuticura Ointment she
was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Alonzo
Crawford, 83 Parker St., Bangor,
Maine, Jan. 22, 1920.

For every purpose of the toilet and
bath Cuticura Soap, Ointment and
Talcum are wonderfully good.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 10c. Talcum 25c. Sold
throughout the Dominion. Canadian Agents:
Lyness, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.
Cuticura Soap shaves without rasp.

"Martha"

OR
THE HOME OF
HER ADOPTION
BY E. L.

(All Rights Reserved)

"My dear," Lady Dunstan-
Graham had said softly, "I am
sure you are not fitted for life out
there. My husband tells me that
the climate is fearfully rigorous
and is trying even for the strong-
est people. I would like you to
stay with Lenore if it could be,"
she added wistfully, "I think your
quiet influence might be good for
her in time."

"Thank you madam," replied
Anna courteously, "but my brother
needs me in Canada and he
tells me that it will be possible
for me to teach in the settlement
school where it is so hard to ob-
tain teachers, and I want to go
where I am really needed. If you
will pardon me making the sug-
gestion, I think that Lenore needs
someone who could be harder
with her than it is possible for me
to be. That is the only authority
she respects. She does not under-
stand the authority of kindlin-
ess. She thinks that is weakness.
Perhaps it is, but I could not be
harsh and I believe that she needs
a certain amount of harshness. I
do not mean cruelty," she added
quickly, "perhaps I am slow at
expressing my meaning, but it
seems to me that she needs a
masterful nature which could cow
her temper into submission, and
that is where I have failed. I
know I have," and the tears wel-
led up into the kindly blue eyes.

Lady Dunstan-Graham bent
over and said, "There, there, never
mind, my dear, I know Lenore
is a problem, and I will not worry
you about her any more. I am
her mother and I do not under-
stand her, so why should I ex-
pect strangers to be able to do
so," she added with a sigh.

It was of all this that Anna
thought as she methodically went
about her room, picking up things
here and there and carefully lay-
ing her treasures in her trunks.
She took the picture of a tall,
handsome young man from her
dressing table and gazed at it
long and lovingly. It was signed
in a well defined, open hand,
"Philip Stewart" and the faithful
little sister who adored him
kissed the picture ere she put it
away with her other things.

Anna was twenty-two years of
age, although she looked younger
as she flitted about, her cheeks
flushed and her eyes bright as she
thought of the future which was
to be so strange and novel to her,
and realized that before long she
would be with Philip, actually
keeping house for him. She had
been his friend and confidante
when they had been wealthy and
she had hovered over his interests
like a careful mother bird, so that
it had been with an aching heart
she had seen him go away to that
strange land called Canada,
where they said fortunes were to
be had for the working for them,
where the work was hard and
arduous but where the rewards
were worth all the sacrifice en-
tailed.

(To be continued)

JAMES PHILLIPS

McLAUGHLIN and FORD GARAGE

FORD and McLAUGHLIN CARS.

If you want a good Second Hand Car call and see us.
We have one Ford in good running order and one
McLaughlin also in good order.
Will sell or trade for quick turnover, or will sell on time.
Also one new Top Bnggy and Democrat at a Bargain.

CLUB CAFE

CIGARS, CIGARETTES and SOFT DRINKS

W. POXON,

Proprietor

REAL ESTATE LOANS INSURANCE

H. A. EVANS

Office: Municipal Hall.

ALEXANDRA TEA ROOMS

Ice Cream & Confectionery

Our new Stock of Candies
Just Arrived

THE STOP MINE

The International Construction & Mining Co.

Capacity 50 ton a day. Price \$3.50 a ton at the mine.
\$3.00 for Running Mine. \$1.00 for Screened
For this Month and next month only.

No delay in waiting as we can load 3 teams at the time.

JAMES AIELLO, Manager.

NOTICE

If you are figuring on Installing a Furnace or
Troughing your House, I can save you money.

I also do Repair Work

Bring Your Pails and Pans that have Holes in
them and have them Repaired

C. E. HANNAY, Tinsmith

W. A. BRAISHER

SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER

invites you to call in and see his stock of Harness for Spring.
He has 50 sets to choose from and will be pleased to show
you how you can save money, when buying Harness.

Now is the Best Time to have your Kalsomining
and Papering done. It will cost you much
less than if you wait until Spring.

Out of town work receives prompt attention

Albert Heys

Painter and Decorator

P.O. Box 109

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian Church in Carbon was held Tuesday evening, Feb. 8th in the church. Rev. D. F. R. Robertson occupied the chair and the meeting opened with a brief song service and religious exercises. After the reading of the minutes of last congregational meeting, Mr Braisher presented the financial report of the managing board which, in spite of the fact no financial canvas was made last fall, the year was closed with a credit balance. The splendid balance on hand at the beginning of year made this possible. Mr Braisher advised that it would be necessary for the new board to make a canvas at once.

The Sunday School financial report was presented by Mrs Robertson, which showed a great work accomplished by the children. The school had during the year contributed \$50 to the forward movement \$18 to the budget of the church, \$16 to the orphan home at Olds and \$10 to the Armenian besides paying the full expense of running the school. Following the financial report Mrs Robertson spoke of the necessity of greater diligence on the part of the teachers and made a plea for more workers. Classes were having to double up continually and some children hardly know who their teacher was. Mr Hemshaw, the superintendent, also spoke of the Sunday School's needs and asked for a greater interest from the home.

The Ladies Aid Treasurer could not be present but sent a report showing a total revenue of \$574.12; \$271.50 of which was on hand at the beginning of the year. Expenditure \$502.00 leaving a balance on hand of \$72.12. Following this report the new president, Mrs Thorburn, reported that at the last meeting of the Ladies Aid she was commissioned to present the matter of the building of a new manse; the rooms being used at present were badly needed for Sunday School class rooms. The managers were asked to go carefully into the matter with the ladies.

The Forward Movement financial report was presented by Mr Evans, which showed a total amount subscribed of \$544.00, of this \$301.00 has been paid and \$243.00 is not due. Amount over due \$69.00 Amount sent to the Toronto \$274.

The summary of all branches is as follows:

	Receipt	Exp.	Bal on h
Man. Board	603 19	603 15	04
Sund. Sch'l	193 55	190 35	3 20
Ladies Aid	574 12	502 00	72 12
Forw Mov	301 00	274 00	27 00
Totals	\$1671 86	\$1569 50	\$102 36

The reports being completed, Miss Ethel Hay entertained with a beautiful solo which was well received.

Then followed the election of a new board of managers. Eleven men were nominated and the following six elected by ballot. viz Messers Jas Gordon, McNaughton, Hoding, Bessant, Braisher, and C. Thompson.

Two ladies were asked to serve on the board, one to be elected by the Aid society the other by the congregation. Mrs F. Wilson was the choice of the meeting.

The Library question was discussed and a committee appointed but there will be an item concern-

W. L. TOLTON

AUCTIONEER

For Sales and all other informations address to

HARRY EVANS, - - - Clerk

ALEX REID & SON

Village Lots for Sale from \$50.00 up.

Also several Good Farms from 160 acres up to 640 acres
in size. The Finest Wheat Lands in Alberta.

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public
(Also of Ontario Bar)

Local Agent for

Dominion Life Assurance Co.

Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale
CARBON - - - Alberta

FOR SALE.—Purebred Bramah
Bronze Gobbler, 2 yrs old in May,
weight 25 lbs. Price \$10.00.
C. SHORLAND,
½ mile West and 3 miles north

DRAING

and

COAL HAULING

at reasonable prices

HARRY DOLING

CARBON

JOS. TURCOTTE

DRAING

Coal Delivered on Short
Notice

HENRY LUFT

THE NORTHWEST DAIRY
PURE MILK & CREAM delivered
daily from the Farm to the
Customers
8 qts. for \$1.00
Cream 60c a qt.

FOR SALE. 20-run Single Disc
Drill, \$50.00. New John Deere Foot-
lift Sulky Plow, very little used, \$45.
A. E. BESS,
p 2-4 S.E. 6-29-23, Carbon.
FOR SALE. Tent 10x14, 3-ft wall.
A1 condition, \$30.0. Apply News Off.
2-4

ing this work at a later date.

Following a motion to adjourn
the ladies took charge and served
sandwich, cake and coffee.

The interest was keen all through
and a splendid spirit evident.

Next Sunday, Feb. 27th, we are to
have a Song Service at the usual hour
of 7.30. The Choir have arranged for
some special selections.

All are cordially invited.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

There will be Mass in the Church
of Carbon the last Sunday of the
month, Feb. 27th.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

The Church of England will hold
Divine Service in the Carbon School
House on Sunday next, Feb. 27th, at
7.30 p.m.

The Annual Vestry Meeting for the
Parish of Christ Church, Carbon, will
be held after the close of the Evening
Service, Sunday, Feb. 27th 1921. All
our Church of England members are
requested to make a point of being
present.

AT THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

SATURDAY, FEB. 26th.

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON

featuring in

THE DAY SHE PAID

CALGARY LIVE STOCK

STEERS Close this week

Choice \$ 8.00
Good Butcher 7.25
Medium butcher 5.75
Common butcher 4.50
Feeding 5.25
Stockers 4.00

HEIFERS

Choice 5.75
Good butcher 4.00
Stockers 4.50

COWS

Choice 6.25
Good butcher 5.25
medium butcher 4.25
Common butcher 3.75
Stockers 3.75
Ganners 2.50
Springers 65.00

OXEN

Choice 4.50
Common 3.50
Canners 3.00

BULLS

Choice heavy butcher 4.50
medium butcher 4.00
Canners 3.00

VEAL

Choice light 7.00
Heavy calves 4.00

SHEEP

Wethers 7.50
Ewes 5.50
Lambs 10.00

HOGS

Off cars 14.75

This little item is perhaps not very
seasonable, but we can't resist telling
about it. We were talking about a
man stooking behind a binder, when a
well-known Carbonite "blew" into the
argument. He said he could stook
behind two binders and take the last
sheaf off the sheaf carrier. It was
understood that he could do this in
an average wheat crop. Now we
won't tell this gentleman's name, but
we intend to "turn him loose" in some
real Alberta grain this Fall.

Easter is fast approaching. We won-
der who are to be the unfortunate-
ones this year.

Mrs Kettleson is back in Carbon.
We are glad to have her back among
us.

POSITION WANTED by married
couple, no children. Man Gas Engineer
(prefer Rumely Oil Pull), can guar-
antee satisfaction. Wife A1 Cook.
Write to FRANK WICKER,
p 2-4 Gen. Delivery, Calgary.